the road well travelled.

Reimena Yee

You're still here?
No, I came back.
What is it this time?
Remember the last time we met, when I said I was ok with following the path my family showed me?
The path where you saw me off?
Yes, you thought you could balance two paths.
A life of expection, and a life of dreams...
I still believe that's possible, it's just...
the road is broken now
Which one?
The road well travelled.

Ah, such roads have been a bit broken lately.

That's the problem.

If those roads are broken, it's all empty space. That's why I'm back here – , in limbo.

Well, if your idea of a path is a cemented one, it may seem broken.

but some people see a cobblestone path instead, and that works just fine with them.

And if they like a place enough they find themselves a home.

Maybe I'm not saying it's wrong for them, to find a home there. If they are happy, and feel like they belong and discovered their purpose, let them.

But

I don't feel like I'll find the thing I'm looking for, in the path I was last on

hm?

The truth, wolf, is that
Each day and night I was moving ahead
The stars were saying "wrong way"
I ignored.
The sun was saying "wrong direction".
I ignored.

My heart was telling me
"something's wrong".

I ignored.

The fact is: my map didn't make sense with that path.

I figured; maybe if I keep walking, the path will start making sense with the map. But it never did!

I took that path 'cos I craved approval. I didn't want to be a disappointment. So I followed what I was adviced to do.

I thought being on a well-travelled path means you know where you're going. You've signs there.

And if you follow all the signs - check all the boxes - that meant you had your life together.

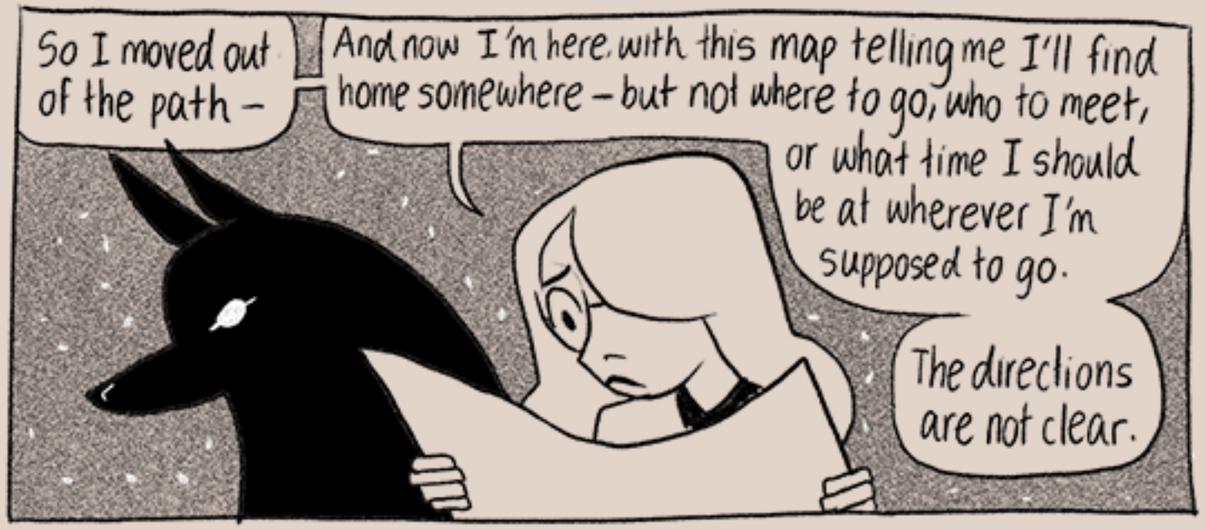
That you were normal, and nobody will look down on your choices, because those were their choices too.

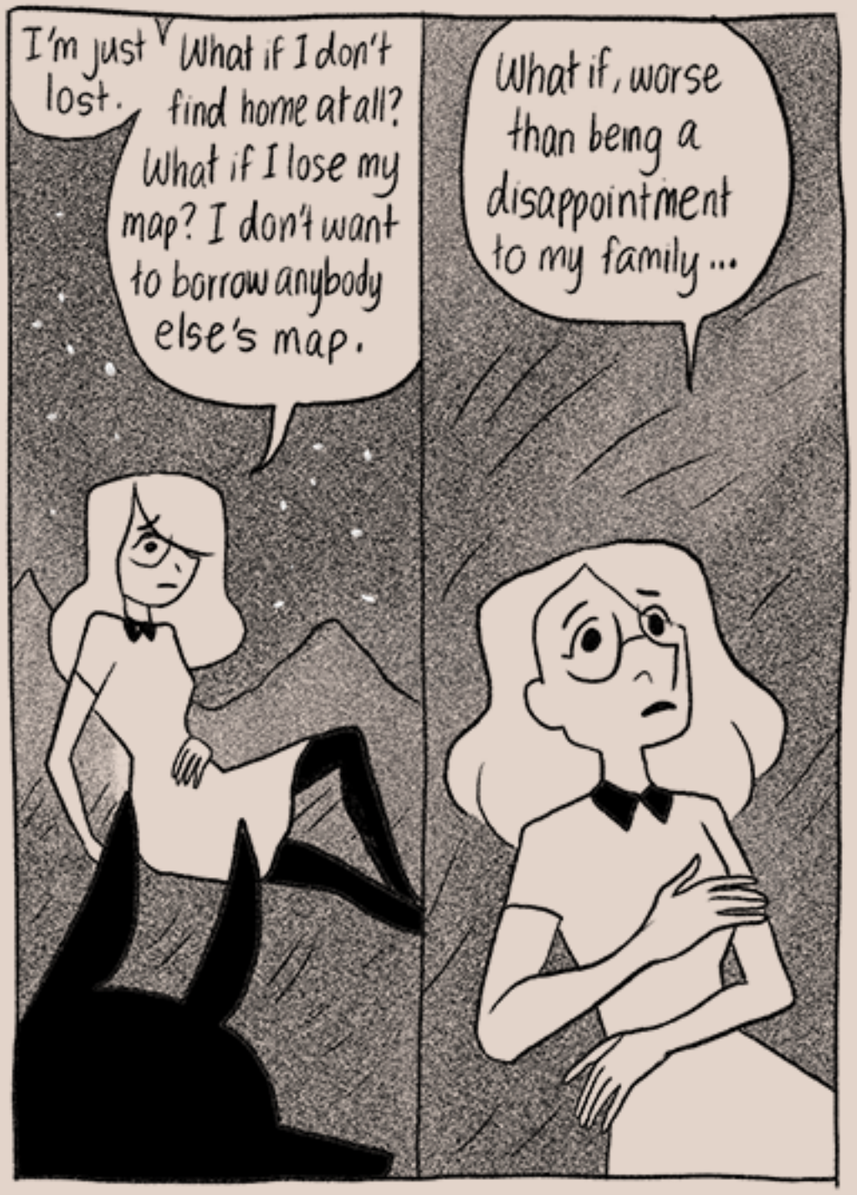
It's approval.

What I've come to realise lately is that: Yes, those signs are there, but you don't necessarily walk on the same road as one another.

Maybe you won't even encounter some of the signs at all.

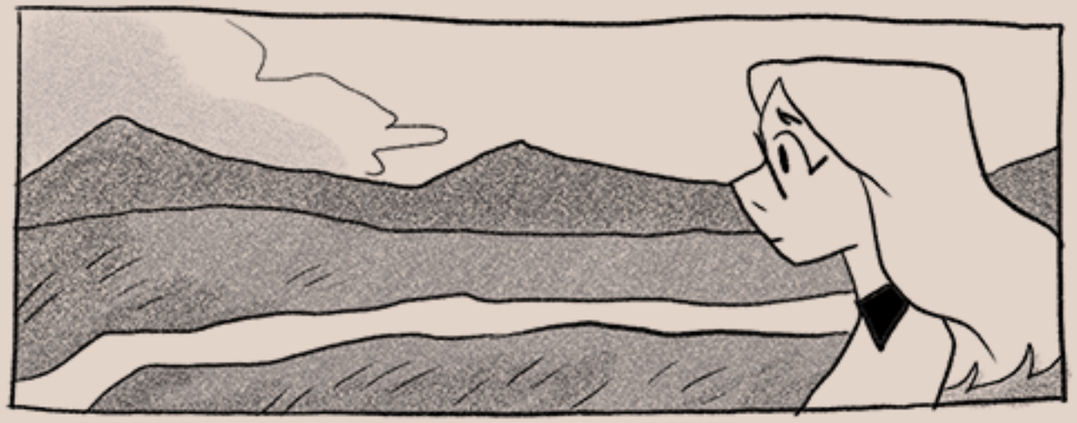
And if everyone's road is different, then...?


So I moved out of the path –
And now I'm here with this map telling me I'll find home somewhere – but not where to go, who to meet, or what time I should be at wherever I'm supposed to go.
The directions are not clear.

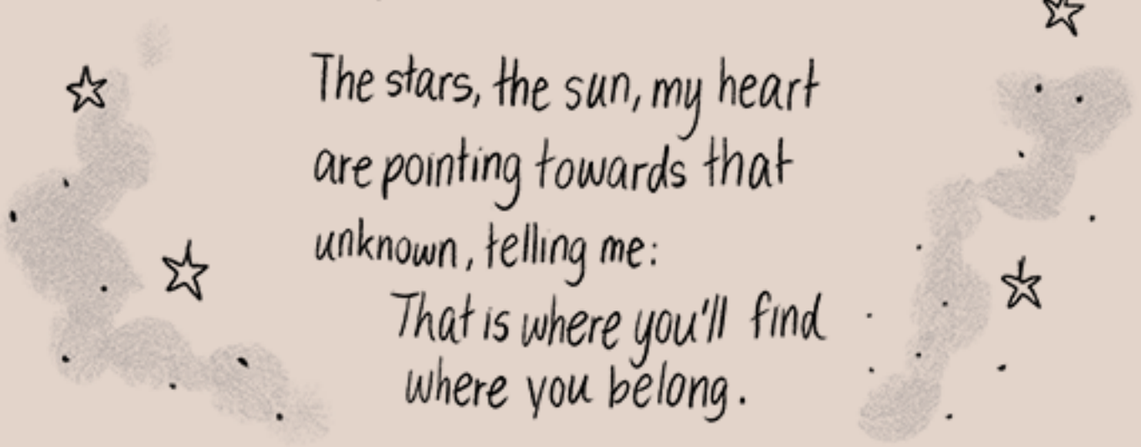

I'm just lost.
What if I don't find home at all? What if I lose my map? I don't want to borrow anybody else's map.
What if, worse than being a disappointment to my family...

I disappoint myself?

I'm stuck between going back to that path, or going out and finding my own way.



Leaving that old path means letting go of opportunities I might never get again... But out there is this vast wide world.



Go to it.
Trust us.

And I do. But –
These words continue to echo in my head: "Stick to that path. We'll guarantee security."
I don't believe it anymore...
Not when the truth is that everything's uncertain. Even more so nowadays.
I just don't know what's right.
Here's some advice –

Your life & your world are free reign to you

Roads are man-made structures.
They are built to guide, not to trap.

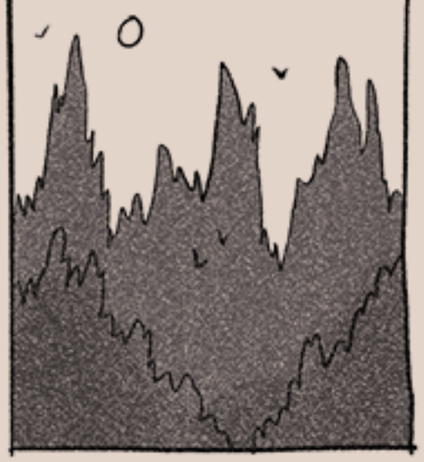
while well-travelled roads are walked by generations before you, who knew different things, who had different needs, who lived in a different world.

Things change. Roads change. You change.

The roads that do not exist yet are roads that you and people like you, will walk.

They will be discovered.
They will be built by your footsteps as you follow the moon and sun.

What you find and what you see



will be lessons you're meant to learn,

even if they don't make sense now.

If the stars, the sun and your heart tell you to

go

Listen to them.

Trust in the spirit who has witnessed the pilgrimage of generations of individuals, who understands the worth of every path, and who, like you'll come to do, trusts in your heart -

So you're saying, this liminal path I keep coming back to -
...
- is where I'm meant to be all this time? Where I begin?
Perhaps I should embrace it. No more running away.
Thank you, wolf. I'll be on my way now.
sigh
And hopefully... we'll never have to meet again.

when you go off the beaten path

I'll always
walk with you.

You may not see me,
you may forget me...

But I'll watch
over you.

As you walk towards
where the stars call you to.

Let us go